The Bystander, July 28. 1915.—No. 608. Vol. XLVII

The BYSTANDER

OUR LONELY SOLDIERS

The Hon. Mrs. Major de Tomkyns and her daughters make it their duty to take at least one wounded "Tommy" out in their car whenever they go visiting

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "WATCH YOUR STEP." Evenings, at 8.35. Mat., Sat. at 2.15. GEORGE GRAVES, ETHEL LEVEY, JOSEPH COYNE, Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Little June, Lupino Lane. Preceded at 8 by "The Vine."

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. YVETTE GUILBERT, LYDIA KYASHT in "JAVOTTE." MARGARET COOPER, VESTA TILLEY, BEATIE AND BABS, DORIS CAROL, etc. 7541 Ger.

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

A TWELVEMONTH MORE?

BY THE EDITOR

The Wherefore of Warsaw

BRITISH intellects are presumably by now properly mobilised to deal with the possibility of the fall of Warsaw. By way of voluntary help, there are a few words that THE BYSTANDER may be permitted respectfully to say on the subject.

***

What It Means

We refuse to aid in the silly process of pretending that the capital of Poland, her chief railway centre, and the Vistula bridgeheads are of "no military importance." They are of military importance, and the loss of them means the loss of our hopes of crushing "Prussian militarism" by the immediate assistance of our gallant Russian allies.

***

The Net Result in the East—

In a fair, square fight lasting nearly a twelvemonth, Germany, by the capture of Warsaw, will have attained the object of her original attack upon Russia. In the East, Europe is, this July, exactly in the same position diplomatically that she would have been in had Russia climbed down before Germany's ultimatum of last year. That is the net result of twelvemonths' shedding of blood, and the chief consequence to Europe is that it is the poorer by the loss or incapacitation of some twelve millions of soldiers and of somewhere near one billion pounds sterling.

—And Elsewhere

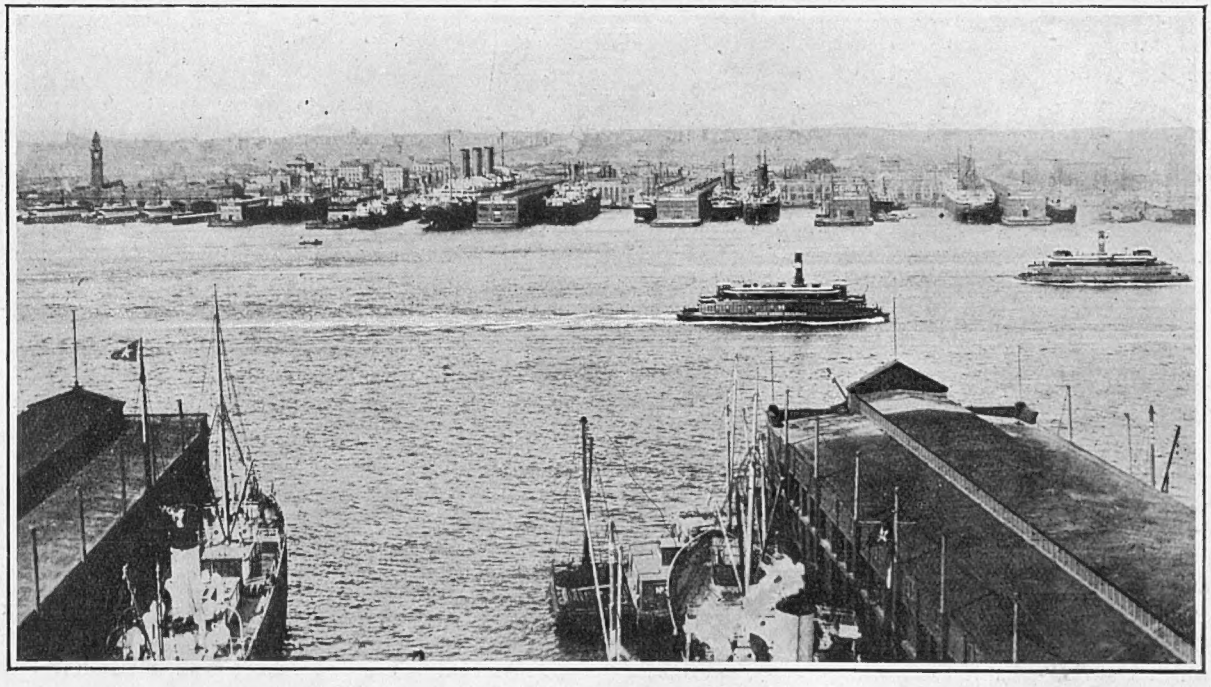
Belgium and Northern France, after devastation, are in the temporary occupation of German William; a part of the peninsular of Gallipoli is in occupation of the Franco-British forces, and a thin strip of Austrian frontier is in the possession of the Italians. Certain German colonies are now under the British flag, and certain British and German ships are under the sea, and—that, I think, is all?

***

The English Viewpoint

From the standpoint of human wisdom, the net result of the war does not exactly justify the expenditure. A Higher Critic would respectfully suggest that, perhaps, the war had been a mistake. We of Britain would never doubt the fact. We have always contended that it ought never to have come, and we blame the German-Austrians exclusively that it did. For our part, we only joined in when war was inevitable and had actually been started by the Kaisers, after we had exhausted every human effort to prevent it. Our joining in prevented the war from ending in the expected quick and overwhelming triumph for the Kaisers: it has reduced their joint efforts to futility, and proved to them that they made a gross and a ghastly mistake when they insisted on referring to the sword a problem that could easily have been settled by the pen.

(*Continued on page 112*)



WHAT GERMANY STANDS TO LOSE IF SHE RISKS WAR WITH AMERICA

A view of some of her large liners interned in New York Harbour

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

What Will Another Year Bring?

The question we are all interested in now is whether Europe is to go on with the war for another twelvemonth, and, if she does, will the general result be any more decisive than it is now? Both we and the German-Austrians declare that we will never sheathe the sword until the other is "crushed," and both of us are, or profess to be, equally confident that crushed the other will be in due course. The thoughtful people, while not questioning the military judgment of the crushers on their own side, do, however, venture to point out that the experience of the past twelvemonth goes to show that the crushing is likely to be mutual. The cost to the Allies of killing one German is likely to be no less than it has been hitherto, nor is the cost to the Germans of killing one Ally. Dog will continue to be dieted on dog, and the inevitable result of cannibalism is the extermination of the species.

***

Racial Readjustments

Continuance of the war for the expected twelvemonth more will, or will not, "crush" the enemy. But what it certainly will do is to kill or permanently maim another twelve millions of cultured, civilised Christians. It will so weaken the thoroughbred stock of the world—that is to say, the approximately pure races of the white man's Continent—that the future will lie in the hands of the mixed white and coloured races of the New World, and the black, brown, and yellow races of Africa and Asia. A European will be, in the eyes of the American, the African, and the Asiatic, as the mutilated beggar on the bridge of Stamboul—a piteous reminder of the days of massacre and rapine. Europe will be a cringing, penniless creature with cap in hand, and on its lips the reminder that once it was the salt of the earth.

***

A Warning

We of THE BYSTANDER are, we hope, as true British patriots as are bred. But we have also the pride to be Europeans also. In our eleven years of existence we have done our little best to bring before the minds of our readers the thoughts, ideas, and habits of the Continent; we have even on several occasions edited our journal on the Continent, and never did we produce in peace time an issue that did not contain two or three special articles from a centre of foreign civilisation. It was our lot to have been the first English journal to speak of the coming of the war, which knowledge came to us while engaged in one of our periodical Continental holidays not a thousand miles from Autocrat William himself. We warned Britons of the coming storm on July 22 last while they were thinking of nothing but Ulster.

GOING TO BE GOOD NOW

The Crown Prince has promised to advance whenever the All Highest tells him to

***

The Unknown

It is not, we hope, unpatriotic to England to be also patriotic to Europe, and it is in the name of common European ideals that we express the fervent hope that *something*—we know not exactly what—will happen before this summer is over to prevent the extension of this war over another winter.

***

What is Hoped for

It is not in our mind that Britain should take any initiative whatever to end the war, if only because Britain cannot. She is only a member of an Alliance which has pledged itself by a solemn bond only to make peace together. No one of the Allies can depart by a hair's-breadth from that bond. When one speaks of peace, one does not think of a peace asked for by the Allies. What is hoped for is a peace brought about by the joint wisdom and humanity and common sense of Europe as a whole, established at a Conference in which the boundaries of Europe will, by consent of all, be settled on the very lines demanded by the Allies, and the militarism we are against buried by mutual agreement.

***

On the Enemy's Terms

Mr. Lloyd George, the great dictator, went to Cardiff to dictate peace—on the enemy's terms. I understand that the report that the Minister of Munitions will be England's dictator at another Peace Conference has been joyfully received—in Berlin.

***

Nothing to Worry About

The *Morning Post* is in a great state over the alleged arrival in London of Fräulein Rotten, on behalf of the German Red Cross. As the lady will be under the strict supervision of the authorities, I don't see exactly what are the naval and military secrets she could disclose to the enemy. If there is anything about our domestic troubles she might divulge, I think the *Post* may be reassured. Thanks to the enterprise of itself and its contemporaries these must be already fully known to Fräulein Rotten's countrymen.

***

"J'Accuse"

The great *exposé*, by a German ("J'Accuse"), of the German responsibility for the crime of the war is now published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. A more complete and searching condemnation has not hitherto come from any Allied quarter, and one hopes that the book has been smuggled into Germany.

The Country House Season—1915

HOUSE PARTY AT CASTLE BAREACRES COMING DOWN TO DINNER DURING THE MUNITIONS SEASON

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 112)

Spoiling Their Little Game

The agitation against the adjournment of Parliament for six weeks is amusing. This affection for the House is so sudden. Never in its recent history has it enjoyed such esteem at the hands of a section of the Press. And why? Well, just for this. One or two "Opposition" M.P.'s are in league with certain would-be Cabinet dictators against certain fellow-Ministers. The "dictators" have a little habit of handing across to the confederate M.P.'s scraps of paper containing awkward questions which are wanted to be asked all of a sudden like. Next morning, the dictators' organs in the Press come out with verbatim reports of these speeches, headlined, with leading articles and placards to match. The adjournment of the House will spoil this little game.

***

Very Apt

"Grouse as Usual" is the term by which the confederate papers describe the reason for the adjournment. It also describes even more aptly the policy of the confederates themselves.

***

The Sound Thing To Do

For our part, we would close the House of Commons and keep open the House of Lords. The country has long recognised that it is only in the "hereditary chamber" that true and honest criticism is heard, uninspired by would-be Dictators and halfpenny Press lords in a hurry. The Commons is either inanely silent or mischievously garrulous.

***

The House of Sense

It is to the Lords alone that we owe the existence of serious and responsible criticism of the war, and it will be from the Upper House that, later on, will come that needed cold douche of common sense as to the whole position of the war. The recent speeches of Lords Loreburn and Ribblesdale are straws showing the way of the wind.

***

Its Claim to Distinction

"There's one thing about the Lords," remarked to me a prominent former Radical Minister, "it is the only place in the country where a man says what he really thinks, and is listened to by people who take it for granted that he *only* says what he thinks."

***

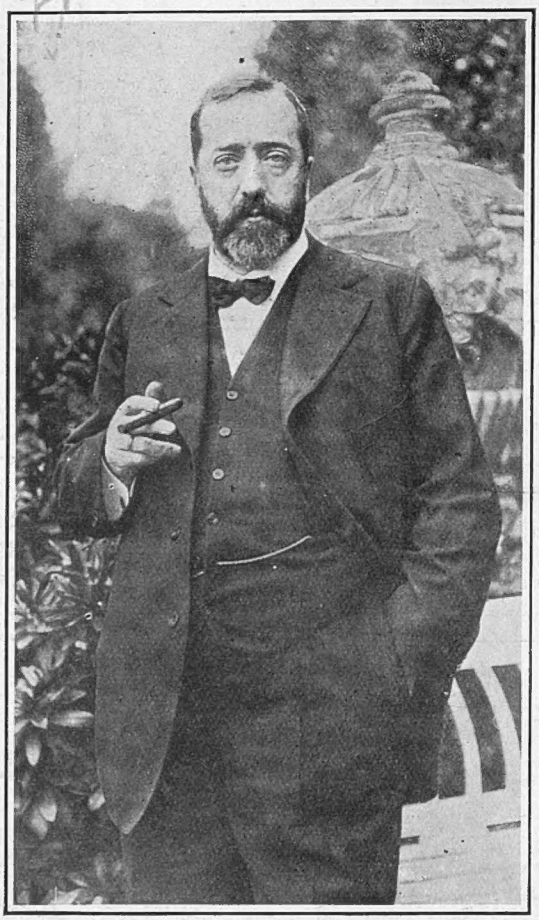
Positively the Limit

About the most insolent effort of back-bench effrontery was the "challenge" issued by Sir J. Dalziel in *Reynolds'* accusing Sir John Simon of having been among the non-interventionists on the eve of the war. Perhaps Sir John was. But an opinion given in the Cabinet is the private affair of the Cabinet, and a Minister is not responsible for it to the Press. It is the duty of Ministers to give their individual opinions on all occasions, but, when they are overruled, they either resign or acquiesce. Sir John acquiesced, and, since the war, has done his admirable best for his country.

***

A Reminder

If the views of individual Ministers before the war are to be called into question, THE BYSTANDER knows of a more important Minister than Sir John Simon who was against intervention. One's thoughts also stray back to New Year's Day, 1914, when the said Minister lifted up his voice over all the land in protest against the strengthening of the British Navy!



REQUIESCAT!
Herr Dernburg in the garden of his house in Grunewald

***

Another Strategic Retreat

The *Globe*, finding it difficult to acquit itself of the charge of poster-pessimism, draws itself up to its full height, shakes its curls, and "declines any further to advertise the contemporary that thought fit to take it to task." The *Globe* needn't be under the delusion that THE BYSTANDER seeks "advertisement" in its columns. If anything appears in our columns that we venture to think is likely to be of interest for newspaper quotation we draw attention to it, and leave it to the newspapers to quote or not to quote. THE BYSTANDER'S circulation, in peace or war, has never owed a copy to the favour of the newspaper Press, whose boycott of independent weekly journalism—the subject of a recent letter in the *Globe* itself by the proprietor of the *Athenæum*—is one of the dearest of its dear old traditions.

***

A Loss to Journalism

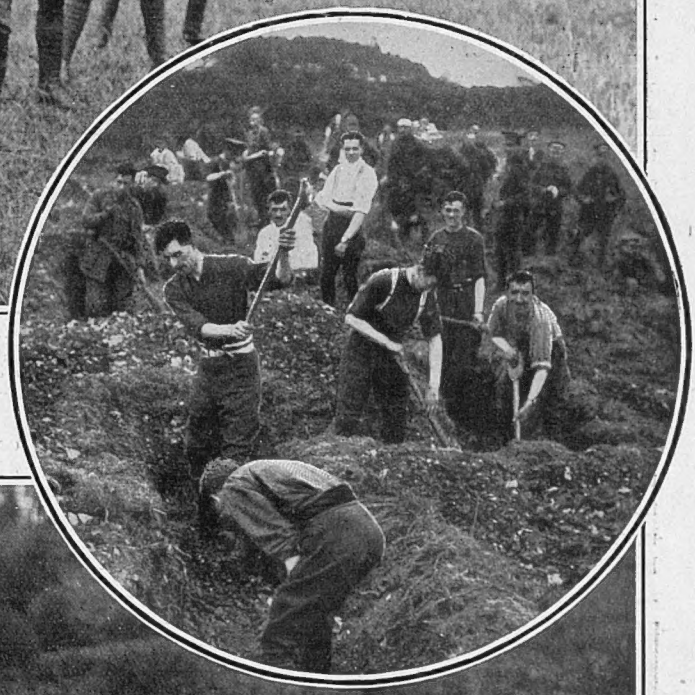
An example in point is that of *Notes and Queries*. That excellent little paper, full of quaint information, is in danger of decease largely because of the failure of the newspapers even occasionally to remind the public of its existence. This week, too, to my great distress, *Foreign Opinion* has ceased publication. A more valuable adjunct to journalism than this paper, which consisted entirely of translations and cartoons from the Foreign Press, could not have existed in war-time. Yet owing to the churlish and selfish omission of the dailies to give it deserved publicity it dies the death!

(*Continued on page 116*)

British Officers in the Making

INCIDENTS IN THE CAMP-LIFE OF THE "DEVIL'S OWN"

A BOUT OF MANUAL DRILL



LEARNING THE GROUNDWORK OF TRENCH WARFARE

RETURNING TO CAMP AFTER A HARD DAY'S TRENCH DIGGING

On the principle that the best leader of men is he who thoroughly understands their job himself, the members of the Inns of Court Officers' Training Corps are put through the full course of training undergone by men serving in the ranks before blossoming forth as full-blown commissioned officers. These photographs were taken near Berkhamsted, where the Corps is at present encamped

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 114)

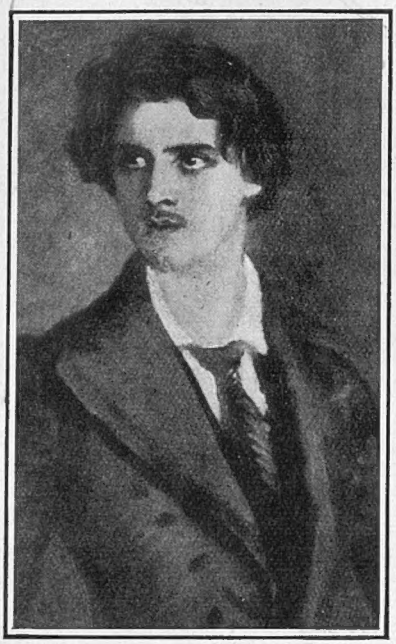
Votitchenko

Three excellent opportunities for the display of summer "confections"—weather permitting—were afforded by last week's London. One was an outdoor display—the Theatrical Garden Party—the other two were indoor. At Grosvenor Square on Thursday, under the patronage of Mrs. Asquith and *le tout Londres*, a Russian artist, M. Sacha Votitchenko, gave a display of virtuosity on the tympanon, and greatly thrilled his hearers with a rendering of his native gipsy folk-music. The young Russian, who teems with Slavonic personality, should be an acquisition at tea-parties—if any.

***

"Peter Ibbetson"

His Majesty's Theatre was the scene of an exceedingly interesting charity benefit, in the shape of the first performance of Mr. John N. Raphael's dramatised version of Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson*. It doesn't really make a very good play, because one has to take as read in the book so much that is interesting about the individual characters. The chief interest of the play as we see it is the charming habit the hero has acquired of "dreaming true." Possessing this faculty, he is able to pass twenty-five years in prison without suffering all the usual mental tortures. In his dreams while in durance he is able to visit anew the scenes of his happy youth, and to resume the companionship of the sweetheart of that period. The dream scenes are exceedingly enchanting, and the costumes ('seventies) of the preliminary acts convey hints of the next modistic revival. They represent an age in which there was much sentiment and a good deal of dignity—qualities which some optimists think likely to be given a new lease of life in consequence of the war. The successes of the afternoon were Mr. Owen Nares as Peter, Miss Lilian Braithwaite as Mrs. Deane, Miss Constance Collier as the Duchess, Mr. Ainley as the wicked Colonel, the Society dames and damsels as programme-sellers, and Lady Alexander as an irresistible collector of coins on behalf of the Allies' Base Hospital.



SACHA VOTITCHENKO

The gifted young Russian who gave a recital of native folk music on the tympanon at 18, Grosvenor Square before a fashionable audience

***

Go to the Fountain Head

Apropos of feminine dignity, a magistrate took severely to task certain ladies of Maida Vale who had been responsible for so "white feathering" a taxi-cabman of thirty-four that he was driven to suicide. (He had been rejected for the army owing to a weak heart.) I think the magistrate should have censured not these pitiable females, but the authorities, whose posters are the prime cause of their activities. If women are officially encouraged to insult civilians at random they are not to be blamed if they do what they think to be "their bit."

HOW WILL THE WAR END?

Handsome Prize for the Best Forecast

TO BE OFFERED BY

"THE BYSTANDER."

A SIMPLE TEST OF SKILL FOR STRATEGISTS.

See Next Week's Issue. On Sale August 4.

"In England Now!"

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE ON SOCIAL LIFE AT HOME

—"Allured even in these—

—ways by a pretty foot"

LONDON, *July* 26, 1915

DEAR COUSIN—

IT'S really quite dizzying, isn't it, the whirligig that time and the war have brought about? That procession of I-forget-how-many thousands of women the other day—only a year ago it would simply have frightened policemen and politicians to death. But now—well, there they were all hob-nobbing together friendly as anything, with Mrs. Pankhurst in the place of honour and Mr. Lloyd George, her once sworn foe, patting her on the back and being patted in return. And Winston standing by, all smiles.

* * *

Of course, as usual, the women who set this "great example," as even old Conservative papers put it, were of the kind that do aspire, in however small a way, to leave the world a little better than they found it. Hardly a sign of the butterfly crowd, either the really smart who are born to luxury and pleasure, or the demi-kind who get it *viâ* the stage. Not that they're wanted, of course, in a *real* movement of this kind. Getting up charity matinées or ornamentaly "nursing" is about as much as we can expect from the one, and as for the other. . . .

* * *

By the way, I *have* been rather amused to hear that even Maidenhead, the now accredited resort of the revue actress and her kind, is a little uneasy and uncertain whether, after all, it really very much likes its latest and extremest development, the new night club on the river. In the local journal the secretary of the club has explained with care that "people don't sleep there"—he's trying to get more land to set up "week-end flats" for that! But all the same, what with the Sunday evening dancing and the famous nigger band that bangs and clangs its noisy ragtime through the summer night, and the cars that whizz around with the exhausts out—well, no, I don't suppose people *do* sleep there much!

* * *

Some people talk about fiddling while Rome is burning. Others indulgently declare that the Army off duty must have its relaxations. And, after all, there must always be, I suppose, even in a great crisis, people and things that don't help and don't matter.

* * *

I wonder sometimes whether it isn't, perhaps, partly what Mrs. John Lane, in her last "Maria" book, calls the "quite immoral" music we hear every day at restaurants and places that's undermined some of our good old British moral standards—those "last passionate things in music which drench us all with unspeakable emotion, like a shower-bath of treacle." The Victorians didn't have these weltering melodies to sap their sturdy virtues, did they, any more than they had the dainty feet that, as the same authority pronounces, keep women so young now?

* * *

Elastic-sided boots and white cotton stockings—were they really a symbol? Go to the Carlton any afternoon for tea, and, whatever the faces, you won't see a pair of feet a day over eighteen. A mother's feet are as young now as her daughter's, her stockings as gossamery and her shoes as high-heeled and devastatingly coquettish.

* * *

And even men, notoriously enslaved by a pretty face, even the least susceptible of them, are almost more allured these days by a pretty foot For, as someone's said, it is a fact that in every man there lives a lover: a lover who is called out in all his potentialities by the most insignificant little things—those bewitching brocade shoes, for instance, or those entrancing ankles.

* * *

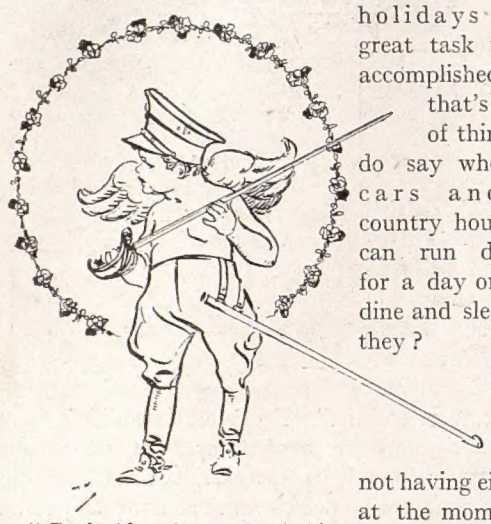
Well, well. . . . The Victorians had the satisfaction of unassailable virtue. We have the joy of eternal youth.

(Contd. on page 118)

"I'm thinking of lending the light of my countenance to the East Coast"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued*)

Such as it's been, we really have come to the end of this war season now, though whether people will take holidays or not it's very difficult to say. Mr. Long, who's running the National Register—due second week in August—says that for us, high and low, to whatever profession we belong, there should be no holidays till the great task is finally accomplished. But that's the sort of thing people do say who've got cars and nice country houses they can run down to for a day or just to dine and sleep, don't they?



"Cupid himself wears khaki in these days"

* * *

As for me, not having either just at the moment, if I write to you one of these days from somewhere by the seaside, don't put me down as an unpatriotic wormlet. Me and the darling dragon dog are thinking of lending the light of our countenances to the East Coast, so's to be right in the movement when the Germans do come. I shall be getting fit and fat there for an avalanche of war work in September, and I can sign the old Register just as well there as anywhere else, can't I—and keep a firm eye on spies and things meanwhile?

* * *

M.P.'s are leaving off "work" this week, too, and I see someone's suggested it wouldn't be a bad idea if they did something for their money for once and went round giving lectures on economy and bucking up recruiting. But perhaps the first, anyway, would be rather a difficult and delicate subject for some of them to handle, while they're still taking £400 a year from the people they're lecturing, in addition to their very comfortable incomes. Mr. Asquith's only given them seven weeks this time, I believe—poor dears, it's hardly enough, is it, to recover from all the strain of the Session?

* * *

Someone told me the other day that Mr. Asquith seemed quite disappointed with Ypres as a ruin when he was over the other day. He stood on a height a long way off and said, "Why, it's not half so bad as I expected." Never knew such a man for optimism in chunks, did you? If all one hears is only half true, he'd have got a different sort of impression if he'd actually been in the place and seen behind the empty walls.

* * *

They say, too, that he simply hated the newspaper men watching all his doings, and they had to dodge behind doors and things to avoid his Press-censorious eye. And that though they had all sorts of permits and passes from French, who has none of these old-fashioned prejudices against popular newspaper publicity.

* * *

Nor has Kitchener, but I'm told Haig, who's made his name in this war, feels the same way about it as the P.M., and so does Robertson the ranker (who, it *has* been said, is "a General of genius second to none in Europe") And that, you know, is just one of the several little points of difference at H.Q.

* * *

Town in July hardly seems like itself without the usual hordes of Americans, from billionaires to school-teachers, who ordinarily would be cramming up the Carlton or roaming the streets in droves, neat but not noiseless. They say they're discovering their own country this year—instead—but they'll soon get through with that, I guess. But won't some of our great Scottish landowners miss the American dollars? They're only getting about half, or less, for their grouse-shootings and fishings compared with other years—and very few can find any tenants at all.

* * *

The situation seems to be affecting the marriage market, too. Any number of heirs to titles have been married off since the war—Cupid himself wears khaki these days—but not a single one of them has given a cousin from over the herring-pond a chance of getting into "Debrett."

* * *

This won't be the cheerfullest of Bank Holidays, I *hope*, but it can't be worse than last year's, anyway, when we stood on the brink of the awful things we've almost got used to now, and were aghast at the possibility both of joining in the war and staying out of it. After a year of it, though the country's in mourning and we've paid a heavy price, at least we've learned a few things—one of them's not to undervalue what we've got up against us, and the other's what a fearfully *expensive* policy our muddling-through one is.

* * *

Only think of all the nice things we might have done (only, of course, we shouldn't) with those three millions and more a day that the war's costing. Just

(*Continued on page 120*)

"The cook having refused point blank to turn out less than a four-course dinner"

A Name Honoured in the Navy

Photograph] LADY MARJORIE COCHRANE *[Yevonde*

A new portrait of the youngest daughter of the Earl of Dundonald. She is a descendant of the great English admiral, Lord Dundonald, whose daring exploits early in the 19th century have caused him to be remembered as one of the greatest Naval Commanders in history

a few hundred pounds of it would have fed and washed and clothed all the hundreds of underfed and unwashed and wrongly clothed babies so well that the next generation would have been really quite healthy and valuable citizens instead of—well, the other thing.

* * *

We might have burned down all the slums and bought out all the public-houses and pensioned all the hospitals, and—but this isn't a pamphlet on Social Reform. I do wish, though, that some Minister or other could spare a moment or two, if not to tax and limit, anyway to distribute war-profits just a little more widely. The *fortunes* those few who happen to run wartime trades are making! And the fearfully depressing deficits in the bank balances of all the others. . . .

* * *

Still, we're a wonderful people, and that's always a consolation, isn't it? But for the khaki, and even that's not so fearfully warlike as now worn by the nuts, you'd never have guessed there was a war if you'd dropped in upon us any old time this last year. Nearly everything's gone on nearly quite the same as usual. I believe the L.C.C., or whoever it is, has spent even more money than usual over the flower-beds in the Park, women have changed themselves entirely over in the way they look (always an expensive business), and it's been a problem all the time to get a seat at any smart revue.

* * *

Food and coal and light and all the necessaries are nearly double peace time prices, but we haven't consumed any less just for that reason, and people keep on getting married on hardly anything but love, quite regardless of the awful hard times that you read are surely coming. And as for giving up luxuries — you should only have *seen* the pearls and things on some of the public's pretty pets at last week's Theatrical Garden-Party, not to speak of the cars they came in and the masses of long-nosed and swarthy young men (some in khaki) who paid fabulous prices for tea and ice-tickets.

* * *

I'm told, too, that it's more difficult than ever to get servants — they can earn more and get their "evenings," too, doing "men's work," clipping tickets and things. But the servant-shortage isn't, according to "Maria" again, an unmixed evil. She thinks the world's coming to an end really rather quicker than it meant to all because of servants.

* * *

For it's servants who are keeping the population down. They won't go near big families, and that's the reason the best people don't have any families any more, for they're obliged to keep servants. So everybody's dying off. And talk about having to eat up to your cook and parlourmaid. . . . A wretched householder actually had to write to the *Times* about it last week. Said he and his wife, anxious to effect economies, were forced to go out and dine in a grill-room twice a week at least, the cook having refused point-blank to turn out a less than four-course dinner.

* * *

And war's worn a new aspect, too, in the myriads of lovely young things who look like flappers, but really oughtn't to, whose company would seem to be essential to all the khakied heroes who dash about in all the cars with big letters on them—you know, O.H.M.S., and R.N.A.S., and R.N.V.R., and the rest. Youth must have its fling, of course, and no doubt fresh air at forty miles an hour (the country pays for the petrol) *is* good for young women forced by cruel fate to spend three hours of the day at least in a stuffy theatre. But—well, it's an English, quite English way of going to war, isn't it?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

Who is going through a course of training at St. Mary's Hospital, with a view to going out as a nurse to the Front, where her husband, Prince Arthur of Connaught, holds an important post on the Staff

Our Two Dictators

ENGAGED IN DUTIES PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT

LORD KITCHENER AT BRIGHTON

Where he visited the wounded Indian soldiers last week, and shook hands, smilingly, with many of the officers

Photograph *Central Press*

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AT CARDIFF

Where he successfully undertook the disagreeable duty of bringing the coal strikers to a sense of patriotism

FRONT *versus* BACK

BY "DOWNWRITER"

(Our contributor, as usual, must be understood to be expressing his own opinions, and not those of THE BYSTANDER.*)*

AS yet it is as but the shadow of a man's hand on the horizon; but it is there right enough—a difference of sentiment between Front and Back, between the men who are actually fighting for Britain and Britain herself. It expresses itself, this sentiment, in various ways. We meet it every morning either in the form of a letter, or in the figure of a man, from the front.

The letter speaks of the British people, in sentence after sentence, not as "us," but as "you." "You" over there do not understand this; "you" do not realise that; "your" politicians are talking nonsense; "your" newspapers are hopelessly at sea about shells; "your" merchants don't seem to be able to grasp the truth about supplies; "your" men in the street appear to be ignorant of the truth as to the real position or "your" numbers of recruits would be threefold what they are.

Daily we get these letters, in which the writer—an officer, usually, though sometimes a Tommy—seems to assume that he is writing as an American or a Frenchman might be, not to his own fellow-countryman, but to a foreigner. When it is the man himself who comes, it is usually to find us in the quite reprehensible occupation of consuming a meal at a restaurant, note-taking at a public function, or maybe even in entertaining a mother, sister, aunt, or—as the case may be. The greeting is invariably the same:

"Well, to see you people over here, one would almost think there was no war at all. You seem to be going on much as usual."

Unexpected are some of the ways in which Front shows its divergence from Back. Front does not seem in the least impressed with what is said to it in defence of England's efforts since the war. When you point to the numbers of the New Army in training Front sniffs, "Wish we could see something of it out there. By now, it must be pretty well trained to death." When Front sees quasi-khaki figures with red armlets on their arms it is amused. "Volunteers? What for?" You tell it that these are business men who are anxious to be of "some use" in the event of emergency. Front asks what more emergency you want than exists now; why, if these fellows mean business, don't they go out to France?

You tell Front that it isn't feasible for any odd man or body of men to "go out to France," however lustful they may be for Hunnish blood; that between them and the Front there exists the War Office; that the War Office decides who shall be sent where, and who shall not be sent at all.

But Front still sniffs. Such things *may* be the fault of the War Office; it is no concern of his. It is so much simpler to fix blame on some wide, sweeping, comprehensive thing called "You"—meaning the general population of the Island of Great Britain, towards which Front is, by now, to all intents and purposes, a foreigner.

Front itself is not offensive at all but is generally good-humoured enough in its disapproval. But its cause, like all others, has violent protagonists, and these are now almost as actively at war with the sentiment of the Back as are the Germans themselves. Front seems to have acquired a general contempt for the country out of which it came, with which a twelvemonth ago it was really rather in love, adoring its leisure, its liberty, its license, if you like; its frivolity, its folly, its fatuity. One seems vaguely to think that it was to defend some such an England that men joined the colours, as against the hard-and-fast rule of thumb thing that was called Prussian militarism. Yet now Front can find no virtue in Back. That the old country should be anything other than a vast base of operations, that it should retain any of its former characteristics, is an offence.

There are threats in some of the utterances we read and overhear. Front foresees its return, after the war, to the Back. Then there will be something done to shake up "you people at home." Front will be no end strong when it comes back, and its voice in the councils of the nation will be a loud one. It is not only in Zabern that civilians may be hustled off sidewalks. "Serve them jolly well right, too"? Yes, my dear Front, that is precisely what I *knew* you were going to say. Possibly it may serve them right. But you know this *was* a war for the defence of lands and liberties, and of the right to walk on the pavement of those despised civilians, of whom, but a year ago, you were one.

Of the able population of Great Britain one is given to believe at least three millions are now in khaki and a half a million are in quasi-khaki. Of the rest, a very large percentage are engaged on work that is considered vital to the upkeep of the forces in the field, the Navy, and the administration. The actual number of real "slackers"—that is to say, people who are doing absolutely nothing for the country on the field or off—is probably surprisingly small. Supposing you located it, and enrolled it. You would only get it out in France when the War Office decided to send it there. If you have a grievance, is it not rather against those who are not making use of the material already in hand than against the general public of Britain? Would it not be far better to take it for granted that the stock from which you yourself sprang is doing whatever lies in its power to do, and is ready to do a thousand times more, if it is asked or told to, but which cannot in human reason come out to France or anywhere else unless it is ordered there, and if it tried the boats would not take it, the landing authorities wouldn't land it, the C.-in-C. wouldn't use it?

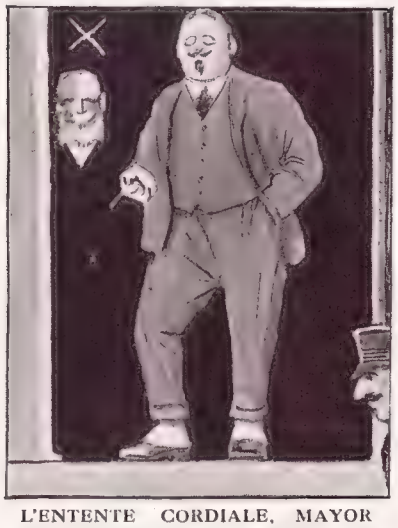
DOWNWRITER

From the Editor's Letter-Bag

A DEEP HOLE IN A FLEMISH STREET CAUSED BY ENEMY BOMB

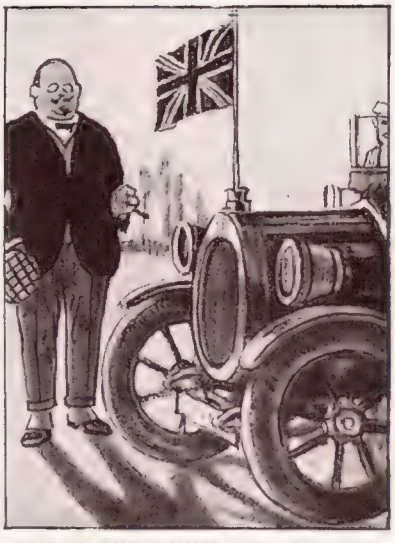
WITHIN SOUND OF THE GUNS AND JUST STARTING FOR THE FRONT

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL AS IT IS NOW



L'ENTENTE CORDIALE. MAYOR OF FRENCH TOWN, (MARKED X) AND SIR JOHN SWELLHEAD

A PICTURE OF DESOLATION. ALL THAT IS LEFT OF ARRAS



MIDST THE RUINS OF SOISSONS AND UNDER BOMBARDMENT

IN A FRENCH TRENCH. ANOTHER ENTENTE CORDIALE

AN EXCITING SPECTACLE. A BRITISH AIRMAN CHASING TWO GERMAN TAUBES

HOMEWARD BOUND. CALAIS IS IN THE DISTANCE

"Sir John Swellhead, who visited the fighting area in Flanders last week, presents his compliments to "The Bystander," and also a selection of photographs taken at the front for publication in his paper"

A Maxim Maxim

"FIRE SHOULD BE WITHHELD TILL A FAVOURABLE TARGET PRESENTS ITSELF."

BY CAPT. BAIRNSFATHER, ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGT.

WHAT NOW of the WAR?

Aspects and Prospects by Land and Sea

In this series of articles we publish weekly a view of some phase of the military and naval situation from the expert standpoint

Our Military Resources

BY MAJOR G. W. REDWAY

WHEN a country at war begins to talk about its resources we may guess that a state of things has been reached which is analogous to the condition of an invalid whose physician inquires as to the strength of his constitution to bear him through a long illness. For, of course, in ordinary circumstances the professional army is sufficient to deal with a military crisis; indeed, that is why an army is maintained at a vast expense through all the long years of peace. It never was contemplated—at least in this country—that a man should even in this respect keep dogs and bark himself. Our Field-Marshals and the War Office were supposed to be competent, and Woolwich Arsenal adequate to protect our interests on land without calling upon the peaceful inhabitants to take a hand in the strife.

* * * * *

This theory of national defence has completely broken down, as the Germans always declared would be the case; and in order to make their prognostications come true, they took time by the forelock themselves and organised for hostilities on the basis of "the nation in arms," pouring contempt on what they called our "mercenary army." By the phrases quoted we are meant to realise that even in time of peace the German soldier serves for love of his country, while the British soldier serves for his country's money. Thus in waging war on land Germany has been able to make the pace so hot that we are temporarily outstripped, and the question now is whether we can outstay them and whether in the long run that quality which in the pugilistic era used to be called "bottom," will win us the victory.

* * * * *

The cool courage and endurance which is proof against nerve-strain are of all our resources the chief, though they are intangible and defy any calculation of the sort so dear to compilers of statistical tables. We are fortunate in our principal Allies—Austria and Turkey would be poor substitutes for France and Russia—but it becomes more and more apparent that this war is the trial of the *cause célèbre*, England *versus* Germany. We are bound, then, to take stock of our manhood, and see what fighting men we can produce out of ten million families who inhabit these pleasant isles, adding to the count our doughty kinsmen from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, besides our Indian Army, Colonial Army, and the Egyptian Army under British leaders.

The kind of census foreshadowed by the Registration Act will show us what force we can put into the field from first to last, after providing 300,000 men for the navy, besides transport workers by land and sea, civil and municipal servants, miners, farm labourers, and factory "hands." Practically the same problem is presented to our Allies and our enemies, though for them it is simplified in many ways; their laws place every subject at the absolute disposal of the State, their foreign interests are fewer, and, therefore, their man-power is more concentrated; they are self-supporting in regard to the necessaries of life, and they need not carry on "business as usual" in order to finance impoverished Allies.

That our Government was ill-prepared to take up the great burden of war is the fault of the people—of you, reader, and me; since, priding ourselves upon our democratic institutions, we have placed and kept in power men who were notoriously averse from whatever savoured of militarism—that is organisation for war. The body politic has, in fact, been a somewhat free liver, and now its sins will find it out.

* * * * *

We are losing about a thousand men a day, and although perhaps 50 per cent. will again take the field when convalescent, we have to produce substitutes in the meantime; in other words, we have to send out drafts of six thousand men a week even to maintain our recent strength in the field, and if the men so despatched to France or the Dardanelles have less than nine months' service, they are exposed to unfair risks as soldiers. The Adjutant-General's Department at the War Office has to reckon from certain data, which must not be printed, how we can produce 30,000 fully trained men every month to feed the units already in action, besides expanding the original army and providing for the increased number of casualties thereby occasioned, without stripping our coast defences. That is really the recruiting problem.

* * * * *

Meanwhile we may notice the steady growth of what we may call the Red Cross population of the country, that is, the disabled sailors and soldiers, both sick and wounded, their doctors, nurses, and attendants. When it happens in any belligerent country that this population, added to the sick and wounded in the theatre of war, exceeds the "effectives" in the firing line, the end of the war will be in sight so far as that country is concerned; and unless we take a leaf out the book of the legendary Amazons we shall have fully exploited our resources in *personnel* when

(*Continued on page 128*)

Follow-My-Leader

AN OBJECT-LES

FRENCH CAVALRY FORDING A

These illustrations show the rapid and methodical manner in which French engineers and cavalry work together when an unbridged river is encountered on the line of route. The men are conveyed across in pontoon boats and the horses swim. They are so well trained

as a War Game

ON IN MOBILITY

RIVER IN NORTHERN FRANCE

that when one is led across by means of a boat all the rest follow him, and to judge by the pictures they seem to enter into the spirit of the thing with as much zest as schoolboys playing a game of follow-my-leader

WHAT NOW OF THE WAR? (continued from page 125)

one-third of our grown-up males are found in the fighting services, one-third are resting as invalids from the front, and one-third are engaged as producers, carriers, or healers. But we are a long way from such a situation at present. Our people still contemplate the war as a tremendously exciting romance, an adventure in which each has a stake. And, moreover, we are beginning to prove ourselves a nation of chatterboxes. Look at the tons of mail matter that leave our shores daily for "the front," where every other officer seems to be a letter-censor. For all the fine speeches in Parliament and on public occasions the mind and the soul of the country, its secret aims and intentions, are revealed in these letter-bags.

* * * * *

War is no school of manners, and a dog-in-the-manger policy is *comme il faut* everywhere, as we play the grand old game of Beggar-My-Neighbour. Germany's complaint is that America furnishes England and France with war material. America replies truly that she would be happy to accommodate Germany on the same terms, but—the British Navy stands in the way. Germany, on her part, has appropriated three-fifths of the French iron and coal but England comes to the rescue, making up the deficit of iron and sending twenty million tons of coal to France. Then England has produced ten millions in gold against French Treasury bonds. But we cannot prevent Roumania selling her harvest to Germany. Of course, England would gladly have extensive dealings with Russia, but Germany's vassal has closed the Dardanelles. Meanwhile Russia has to provide 153 tons of meat a day to maintain about a million prisoners of war. All belligerents are consuming their own substance faster than they can replenish their store from the produce of neutral countries. It is war to the knife and war to the last ducat.

* * * * *

At home every week there is a fresh demand, a new cry, and at the moment we clamour for thrift. How to arrive at it nobody knows. The only commodity that has not increased in value is land and house property; food and clothing, fuel and light cost more than they ever did. Ladies who need carbon to protect their winter furs must buy it at the price of high explosive. Rates are increasing; the income tax has doubled. We are importuned on every side to give and give and give; we have the refugees to provide for, and then we are besought to lend to the State—our savings! What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and those of us who do not happen to be in receipt of pensions or allowances or war bonuses ask why the Government does not set an example of economy. Cannot the six newly appointed physicians at Netley "do their bit" for less than £5,000 a year apiece? Why are thousands of troops in country quarters billeted at a cost per head of 23*s.* 7*d.* a week? Will absentee Members of Parliament forego their salaries? A fleet of 200 aeroplanes might be bought if the House of Commons, by a self-denying ordinance, refunded even 25 per cent. of £400 a year "for the war." In Germany they are shrewdly calculating when the yield of our War Loan will be exhausted as the money pours out at the rate of three millions a day; but our legislators pacing the Terrace apparently dream that the Thames is another Pactolus.

* * * * *

There is one natural product common to all countries which above everything else contributes to success or is held responsible for failure—brains! The present state of affairs on the western front is not unlike that which 2,000 years ago was seen in Sicily, and those who dip into old Polybius may learn how "with so great armies both by land and sea the Romans could scarcely have failed to take the city if one old man had been removed." The city was Syracuse, and the "old man" was Archimedes, the mathematician and inventor; and whether the Archimedes of our time will be found at Essen or at Sheffield is the all-important question for us to-day.

Next week Major REDWAY will write on Calais

"I Dare do All that may Become a Man"

Portrait of a civilian who, endeavouring to "do his bit" during the war, decides to show what he has done during the past month or so by wearing all his badges, etc.

Our Wide-Awake Navy

THE PERILS OF SUBMARINE DUTY OFF FOLKESTONE

BY CHARLES ROBINSON

WHAT NOW OF THE WAR? (*concluded from page 128*)

Rival Naval Resources. BY FRED T. JANE

WE are used to the idea that land warfare is a matter of supplying enough men to take the places of the killed and wounded, and a sufficiency of munitions. Thanks to a recent agitation the Army has now its own Minister of Munitions, and all things, let us hope, are working for the best.

The Navy, however, has been out of the limelight in this business. It has plugged steadily along on its own lines. It has kept in the background, and done its work in the background—the place where the Navy has always done its most serious work.

In these days, when a weak-kneed Government paraphrases an old legal maxim into "No German is a spy until he is proved to be so," it is impossible to discuss our material naval resources in detail. It must, therefore, suffice to state that when war broke out we had building and completing nearly three times as many Dreadnoughts as the enemy. And we were roughly four to one against them in ships building for small neutral navies, liable to be taken over, and which mostly were taken over.

* * * * *

Time was when England's being purveyor of warships to the world in general was regarded by perfervid patrons as a danger; to-day a different kind of view obtains. Owing to our building "for others" in this country we had quite a respectable reserve fleet on hand. Details are better left unpublished. Unless full they would be useless; if full they would be useful to the enemy.

Germany had few special reserve resources such as we had. When war broke out she had building for other countries in her private yards:

One Greek battle cruiser, formerly known as the *Salamis*, now rechristened *King George*. Whether Germany has taken this ship over is doubtful. The Vulkan Company merely contracted to build the hull of the ship and its machinery; the guns and armour were ordered in America from the Bethlehem factory. (Incidentally, it is curious that no one has moralised over the fact that one of the largest birthplaces of machines for human slaughter should be located in a place called Bethlehem.) Some of the armour may have been delivered before the war (though it is very doubtful), but in any case the heavy guns, eight 14-inch, have never reached Germany.

* * * * *

Of course, Krupp's can turn out both guns and armour for the ship, but as these things take long to produce, there is bound to be a considerable factor of delay. Also, there are no satisfactory 14-inch guns made at Krupp's, the two main patterns being 12-inch and 15-inch. The lesser size would weaken the fighting value of the ship; the larger make her unduly heavy, and so slower than designed for—making her a weak battleship instead of a relatively fast battle-cruiser.

It is true that the Skoda factory, in Austria, constructs a 14-inch naval gun; but these guns are required for Austrian Dreadnoughts which are building. And since it takes nearly as long to create the gun as it does to build the ship, a good deal of robbing Peter to pay Paul seems inevitable if Austrian guns are being fallen back upon.

The rest of the German extra reserve consists of two fast light cruisers which were completing for Russia when the war began, and which were seized at an early stage of the campaign, about eight or ten destroyers, of which four were building for Holland and the others building speculatively, and a few speculatively built submarines, probably not more than three or four.

For the rest she had merely her normal programme. At the outbreak of war this was:

One Dreadnought, one battle-cruiser, two light cruisers, twelve destroyers, and six submarines due this summer, the same number, plus one extra Dreadnought due in 1916, and the normal programme due in 1917.

In the usual way Germany took three years to build a capital ship, and other vessels at proportionate rates. She was always easily able to accelerate these rates by one-third; the relatively slow building was merely a matter of policy.

Neither Germany nor anyone else can build a Dreadnought in much under two years. It is not a question of extra dockyardsmen; it is a matter of armour requiring a definite time period to cool.

* * * * *

It is to light craft, therefore, that Germany must turn for any special warship building. There are three big private yards normally capable of constructing destroyers. Of these Schichau, at Elbing, is able to turn out destroyers at the rate of from twenty to thirty a year, the Vulkan and Krupp yards can, perhaps, manage about fifteen each. By utilising other private yards another dozen, perhaps two dozen, could be built to specifications. Approximately seventy boats a year could be built in private yards at a conservative estimate—a hundred at a high one.

The three State Dockyards, Kiel, Wilhelmshaven, and Danzig, I leave out of these calculations; repairing and refitting probably absorb their entire energies.

It would be interesting to compare this with our possible output. Unfortunately it would also interest those German spies with which this country is still flooded; so I can merely assure the reader that we can go one better if need be.

The destroyer, however, is rather a back number in this war. It is overshadowed by the submarine.

* * * * *

Germany's possible output of submarines is roughly a hundred a year at the outside—she laid down sixty just after the war broke out. The *effective* output can be put a good deal lower, because a submarine officer has to be born, not made; and even so it takes the best part of two years to train him—perhaps more in Germany, because a submarine is the last thing in the world to be run satisfactorily on "goose-step" lines. Further and likewise, the more submarines that are built, the fewer destroyers.

One way and another, therefore, although building-slips for small craft can be improvised fairly quickly (as witness Zeebrugge) the skilled mechanic is by way of being a fixed quantity; but one way and another we shall probably not be far out in estimating Germany's war output at about a hundred small craft per annum—either destroyers or submarines, but not *both*. It may run higher, perhaps to 120, but I rather doubt it.

Whatever the output, there remain the crews and the motive power. But that is a subject on which I will descant next week.

A concluding article by Mr. JANE next week.

Great German Naval Victory

HOW THE COMMANDER OF U 99 WON HIS IRON CROSS

BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER, R.N.V.R.

Daily Hurrah

WE'LL SOON BE DEAD.

NO. 6,000. VOL. XXX. MONDAY, JULY 26, 1915 PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

TO-DAY'S CASUALTIES.

BIGGER THAN EVER!

No other daily paper in the United Kingdom has been able to publish such long casualty lists as the *Daily Hurrah*, nor to publish them so often. In some cases, indeed, we have been able to publish the same lists no less than three times. We are able to congratulate ourselves on the possession of specially large and black type constructed regardless of expense for this special purpose.

Some few shortsighted readers may be tempted to ask why we should be at such pains to publish these lists in this way. The vast majority of our millions of subscribers will, however, at once perceive the usefulness of the system. The prominence of these casualty lists, cropping up as they do in unexpected spots in our columns, help to keep the British public in that state of mind in which they can readily realise the truth of our oft-repeated arguments that we cannot hope to win this war unless each and every Minister and public man is taken out and hanged as soon as we give the word

200,000 MINERS ON STRIKE.

THE BRITISH NAVY SHORT OF COAL.

Many millions of our readers, including the other millions of new readers who have been regular subscribers since the recent futile attack on our publications, will remember what we said so fearlessly about a certain Minister at the War Office. If our advice had only been taken and sufficient high explosives sent to Flanders months before we called attention to the necessity, the war would have been ended and no more coal would now be needed.

ANOTHER CABINET SCANDAL.

MR. BALFOUR CHALLENGED.

NO ANSWER.

The current issue of *Snappy Snips* contains a statement to the effect that the First Lord of the Admiralty, at a recent Cabinet meeting, opposed the use of 15-inch guns on aeroplanes, the only reason that this Minister could put forward in defence of his astounding argument was that in his opinion 15-inch guns were unsuitable. "*Snappy Snips*," the article continues, "was able to induce Mr. Dazzlem, M.P., to challenge the First Lord to explain his atrocious conduct and to give the people of this country full details of what happened at this secret Cabinet meeting. So far, however, Mr. Balfour has insolently refused an answer to the challenge. For a Minister of this country to oppose the use of 15-inch guns for aeroplanes simply because in his opinion they would be useless is the last straw." "*In his opinion*," indeed. Good gracious, what next? What right has any Cabinet Minister to have opinions when there exists in this realm a paper like *The Daily Hurrah*, with millions of readers with millions of opinions of their own on all such matters.

GERMAN ADVANCE ON CALAIS.

DOVER THE NEXT OBJECTIVE

The Germans have captured three yards of British trenches near Spoofres. This notable success brings them appreciably nearer Calais. The downfall of Calais means that Dover is in imminent danger of attack by powerful enemy forces. Dover once in the hands of the Kaiser's legions the final march on London will commence, and then God *strafe* us. It will be remembered, we hope, not only by millions of our readers, but by the Kaiser's Generals, that we have stated fearlessly and in the cause of true patriotism that we should lose the war. The only people to escape the fearful punishment at German hands will probably therefore be us. On page 4 will be found a special coupon of a new insurance scheme. Readers filling up this form and ordering several million copies of our issues of June last that escaped burning will be given a certificate proving that they, too, thought we were going to lose the war.

3 BRITISH CRUISERS SUNK

(NEARLY).

Our Special Correspondent at —— telegraphs us *viâ* Berlin that on Saturday last a squadron of British first-class cruisers was lying-to near the —— fortifications and sunken mines. They were within an ace of being blown to atoms. So close were they to the enormous British stores of high explosives—surplus supplies lying ready for despatch to France—that it only needed a few expert Germans to light the spark that would have started this appalling explosion and robbed the country of so many valuable lives. What is the Home Office thinking about? As yet they have made no declaration as to what provision they would have taken had this awful disaster occurred. Somebody must be hanged.

OUR SPECIAL "HOW TO" COLUMN.

In this column each day will be found recipes showing:

1. "How to Win the War."
2. "How to Economise."
3. "How to Select the Best Daily Paper."
4. "How to Save Food, Men, and Pay."
5. "How to Start Strikes."
6. "How to Stop Strikes," etc., etc.

For instance, under No. 4 head. If you are in the habit of having two eggs with your bacon, and are in doubt as to whether you should continue to do so or to have only one or even no eggs, write to our expert, giving full details of your height, age, chest and stomach measurements, and the average size of the eggs that your local dealer supplies you with, and we will instruct you as to what to do.

Again, in case 3.—"How to Select Your Daily Paper." All you have to do is to send us full details as to the papers you like and those you don't like, and after full consideration of the merits of our own and the demerits of other papers we will advise you as to the best to take.

BUY THE "DAILY HURRAH."

We'll soon be dead. Daily ½d.

EASILY THE BEST DAILY. THE ONLY PAPER IN WHICH ALL TRUTH OUTS.

A Burning Necessity for Every Home.

A TYPICAL PAGE FROM ONE OF OUR "PRESSIMIST" MORNING PAPERS

As Usual—and Why Not?

THE 1915 BATHING GIRL

BY L. BARRIBAL

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Bomb

By Charles McEvoy

"EVERYBODY," said Mr. Rumble, "should do their bit, and you, my dear, are doing yours."

He patted his wife's hand across the breakfast-table. It was an unusual mark of approbation, and Mrs. Rumble looked suitably overwhelmed.

"How do you mean, Alfred?" she asked.

"Why," he answered, "by looking after me!"

Clearly, there was no humorous intent in the solemn utterance. Mr. Rumble, who was within a week of forty, and had had a nasty shock when the last posters came out, was in the indelible pencil line, and an official descent upon his firm's stock in the early days of the war had left the equally indelible impression that indelible pencils are at least next door in importance to explosive shells.

Mrs. Rumble passed another rasher towards her husband, and he accepted it with the air of a man who feeds purely for the good of his country and the defence of the realm.

"I consider that you women, silently working at home, are doing a great deal," he went on. "It doesn't make much show, perhaps—none at all to the outside world—but you have no need to be downhearted."

He stood up, and swept the crumbs from his spacious waistcoat. "By the way," he added, "you can clean my white spats for Sunday, and chalk those check trousers. If I'm not home by eleven, you can go to bed."

He kissed her; carefully indented the crown of his felt hat; flicked his boots; culled a button-hole from the window-box; and went forth.

Every morning it thus happened that Mr. Rumble patronised the 8.15 from Clapham Junction, and it was not often that he returned earlier than 10 p.m. As he sometimes remarked, a man with his responsibilities needed some relaxation. As for Mrs. Rumble, he thought her a happy woman to have him keep her, with nothing whatever to do but tend his wants in that home which it was a woman's right place to stay in.

On this particular morning Mr. Rumble reached his office with the usual punctuality, but it is for no scribe to attempt to picture his consternation and amazement at what he found there. The great firm of indelible pencil makers had closed its doors, and had gone into liquidation.

That such a catastrophe could have actually happened seemed at first to be as unbelievable as it was unthinkable, but happen it had, and Mr. Rumble made his way disconsolately home again.

It was probably the staggering nature of the shock which he had received that guided Mr. Rumble's footsteps homeward. It was an all but inflexible habit with him to exhaust all his spirits and most of his money elsewhere.

It was a few minutes after ten when he turned the key in his front door, and, closing the latter upon himself, he grimly called his wife by name.

"Ada!"

It was annoying to be kept waiting, while he stood his ground and listened. The houses in Liliac Terrace are not so large but one can bawl from the hall to any remote recess which they contain. And yet still Mr. Rumble waited.

He put by his hat angrily, now, and stalked into the kitchen. The kitchen was empty, though the table was littered with unwashed breakfast things. He stared about him in indignant amazement, and proceeded to the scullery. The scullery revealed the porridge saucepan uncleaned and filled with cold water. He peered out into the back garden, and saw only the cat mewing on the doorstep, with a quantity of milk and food placed in saucers beside it.

Detonating with wrath, he plunged into the dining-room, into the drawing-room, into the bedrooms, and even into the bathroom. It was certain now that not only was the house empty, but that Mrs. Rumble had intended to leave it so for many hours to come.

Amazement held him; amazement that a wife whom he had trained to tremble at his voice should do so bold a thing. His only satisfaction for the moment was his muttered threats; threats of a decidedly punitive character. Then followed something in the nature of alarm, and the next moment he observed the wife of his neighbour watering the flowers in the next door garden.

The sudden panic which had seized him had to do with vague and shapeless fears of suicide, and he threw open the window.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Brown," he commenced, in a dramatic, but scarcely audible under-breath, "excuse me, but did you happen to see my wife go out?"

Mrs. Brown looked up.

"When?" she asked.

"This morning."

Mrs. Brown looked mysteriously about her, and dropped her own voice to an under-breath.

"Don't you know," she asked, "that Mrs. Rumble goes out every morning?"

He stared down at her, his underjaw hanging loosely.

"Every morning," Mrs. Brown repeated. "She has this week or more. Almost as soon as you've left the house, and comes back about six o'clock. You mean to say you don't know?"

Mr. Rumble passed his hands wildly through the remains of his hair.

"Mrs. Brown," he choked, "be frank with me. Have you ever seen a man come to the house?"

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(Continued on page 136)

The Beautiful Example

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

MISS VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER

The charming American actress who is playing the part of Ethel Chichester with Miss Laurette Taylor in "Peg O' My Heart," at the Globe Theatre. Ethel Chichester is the heroine's cousin, who is always being held up by her mother, Lady Chichester, to "Peg" as an example of all that is perfect in women

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

(Continued from page 134)

Mrs. Brown reflected, and Mr. Rumble waited, in speechless suspense. But Mrs. Brown could not remember any man.

. . . . . .

That evening Mr. Rumble lurked in the paper shop which is at the corner of Liliac Terrace, and watched his wife's return. He allowed her a full hour, and arrived home with a sinister determination not to reveal for the moment his knowledge.

He wandered first into the kitchen, and found that in a short hour all the evidences of breakfast had disappeared, and that the evening meal was in course of preparation. His wife received him with the show of innocence which he expected, and with the inward feelings of an Othello he kissed her warmly. Afterwards he crept upstairs and examined the pockets of her outdoor garments. And the thing that astonished him was that in the purse he found three sovereigns.

Mr. Rumble was determined now that on the morrow he would shadow his wife, and learn for himself whatever was her infamous secret. He said nothing of the disaster at the indelible pencil works, pretended unusual affection, and the next morning left the house at his accustomed hour.

It was again at the corner shop that Mr. Rumble watched and waited. Then, cautiously, he followed in the wake of his wife.

Clapham Junction is a busy station, and it was not particularly difficult for the shadower to keep behind the shadowed. Fortunately Mrs. Rumble did not look back, and at 8.50 she steamed away with Mr. Rumble in the next compartment.

The chase was stern and exciting. At Victoria Mrs. Rumble changed to the Underground. At Paddington she alighted. And it was at Paddington that Mr. Rumble missed her.

He sped like a rabbit through the subterranean tunnels and passages which abut the great terminus; he dashed down the moving staircase, nearly breaking his neck, and rushed up as a man with seven league boots. He scanned Praed Street, he raced up and down the arrival platforms, and feverishly visited the departures. It was on Platform No. 1 that, like a bolt from the blue, he stumbled into Mrs. Rumble.

For a brief, blinding moment he could scarcely believe his eyes. Mrs. Rumble stood before him in the attractive uniform of a ticket inspector, and as the two stared at one another it was she who went the redder.

"What the blazes!" Mr. Rumble commenced. He seized Mrs. Rumble roughly by the arm, but with a freezing movement she released herself.

"Be careful, Alfred," she said quietly. "If you interfere with me in the performance of my duty you will only be turned off the station."

"But what——" he commenced again.

'I'm doing my bit my own way, that's all," she said, serenely. "And I mean to go on doing it. Why aren't you at work?"

Mr. Rumble paled, Mrs. Rumble turned back to her duties, and very humbly he stole away.

There was no great scene in Liliac Terrace that evening. Mrs. Rumble made it plain that she would leave the house if there was one, and Mr. Rumble had remembered that he was out of work.

"After all," he said placidly, when he had broken his own news, "I suppose it's only right that we men should make a little sacrifice. By the way, Ada, could you lend me half a sovereign?"

CHARLES MCEVOY

Camera Portrait *Hugh Cecil*

MISS EVELYN ROSEL

Who plays the part of "Le Gentil Trottin" in the French Revue in "More," at the Ambassadors Theatre

"Not once or twice in our fair Island story, the path of Duty was the way to Glory."—*Tennyson.*

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE LAND OF BEAUTY, VIRTUE, VALOUR, TRUTH. Oh! who would not fight for such a Land!

By FRANK DADD

FOLLOW THE DRUM

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ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

Health-Giving—Refreshing—Invigorating.

Known and sold throughout the World.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"All Scotch" at the Apollo Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS Revue is, as its name implies, extremely Scotch. It is crowded with braw laddies and bonnie lassies, and it contains a good deal of pawky humour. (I am not quite sure I know what "pawky" means, but I have no reason to suppose it is a word that should not be used in a family journal.) In some parts, the Revue is extremely happy; but in other parts it might have been put together by a kirk elder on a rainy Sawbath. We have been accustomed to find in Mr. Harry Grattan's Revues an occasional glimpse of the light and airy feminine costume, but here there prevails the sternly Puritanical atmosphere which the traveller identifies with Sauchiehall Street—until he has learned to know his way about. Even the nimble lassies that disport themselves in an occasional Hielan' fling make no concessions to decorative effect in their wildest evolutions. Their costumes are supplied by a Scottish firm of renown, and are, therefore, historically correct in every detail; whereas, in a Revue, we usually look for a little poetical licence in this respect. Something fluffy with a bit of lace on it, for instance.

The fun begins with the rising of the curtain. The scene is a Scottish Bank, whither MacPherson and MacCluskey, two worthy trustees, come to deposit a "vary conseederable" sum in gold. Twenty pounds, to be precise. MacPherson carries one-half of the very considerable sum in his pocket and MacCluskey has the other half clenched in a very tight fist indeed. To avoid the apparent risk of any regrettably independent action on the part of either trustee, the two are chained together by the wrist while the complicated banking transaction is taking place. The Scottish nature has often been alleged to be acutely prehensile, but I never thought they went as far as this. It almost lends colour to the scandalous assertion that in some Scottish kirks the hat that is passed round for the usual collection frequently contains a small piece of tar in the crown for the purely private and personal reasons of the owner.

A SONG OF THE LAD THAT'S AWA'

A good deal of fun is got out of the jealousy of the rival cities of Glasgow and Edinburgh in respect of their national importance. It seems that each city claims to be the hub of the Scottish universe, and this fact gives Mr. M. R. Morand and Mr. Allan Macdonald the opportunity of providing a most amusing "cross-talk" entertainment. After all, we are never so smart as when we are saying spiteful things about the neighbours. It is a regrettable fact of human life that at such times wit seems to come naturally to us all. Mere Southrons who are acquainted with other places in the world may presume to doubt whether the greatness of either of these cities is worth arguing about. There are, however, many Scotsmen who have not been able to get away from Glasgow or Edinburgh, and as they cannot have what they would like they have very sensibly made up their minds to like what they have.

I think there is little doubt that Mr. Grattan will see the wisdom of brightening up the latter part of his excellent Revue in due course. A very considerable part of the last half of the production is devoted to a parade of the tartans (with ladies inside them) of the famous Scottish clans, with "some of Scotland's lovely old melodies" interpolated here and there for the sake of variety. The effect of this is that the Revue ends up more or less in the fashion of a polite concert party which, excellent though it be, scarcely ministers to the mood of expectant hilarity. After all, we do not go to a Revue to hear "Mary of Argyll," even though the song be sung by a very sweet singer. In these days of many inventions we can get that at home on the gramophone. There is plenty of talent available in the company presenting *All Scotch*, and something that would give a little jerk-up to the concluding part of the programme would, I feel sure, do much to improve the prospects and lengthen the life of the Revue.

JINGLE

Wilson & Gill

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SUITABLE FOR OUR WOUNDED "TOMMIES" AND "JACKS."

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GUARANTEED FRENCH MAKE.

In BLACK and Beautiful Colours also White

Price **12/11**

Carriage Paid.

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These sketches illustrate the same hat bent in different ways.

When re-decorating

instal the 'HUE' Fire and SAVE COAL.

No. 1 is an old-fashioned stove, which was the subject of a recent careful test. In 13½ hours it consumed 74lbs. Household coal. It was converted into a Hue Barless Fire (as No. 3), consumed only 32lbs coal to *produce equal heat*, warmed the room instead of the chimney, and required little attention.

No. 2 is the HUE fire which you should have installed in your house. Simple in construction, satisfactory in use, fitted in a very short time. No need to pull down mantelpieces or remove the present stove. Price from **15s.**, which is quickly saved by the reduced coal bill.

How different No. 3 is from No. 1 but it is the same stove, *with the Hue adapted*. This Fire is more cheerful, clean, hygienic, and absolutely safe. The "HUE" has been installed in thousands of private houses and adopted by the principal Railways, Hotels and Institutions. Without question the most efficient Barless Fire on the market.

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A beautifully illustrated booklet, giving full particulars of the HUE FIRE showing how it is fixed, cost, and many other important points.

YOUNG & MARTEN, Ltd.,
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Do not be misled by so-called adaptable Barless Fires, which by their very construction can never be satisfactory. The word "HUE" is cast on every genuine stove.

To ensure a Perfect Complexion

use La-rola, the one reliable and never-failing preparation for protecting the skin from the scorching rays of the sun. It instantly allays all irritation, gives an exquisite sense of freshness, and safeguards the user against the attacks of sun or wind, keeping the face and skin delightfully cool and clear. The soothing effect of

BEETHAM'S **La-rola**

upon chafed, sun-burnt, or otherwise irritated skins must be experienced before any true conception of its value can be obtained. A little rubbed into the face morning and evening serves as an excellent skin food softening and strengthening the delicate tissues, and removing the dust and dirt to which the face is constantly exposed

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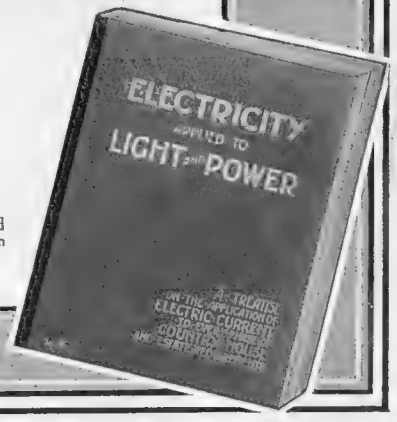

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LEWES EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS	Trains leave Victoria at 9.0, 10.0, 11†15, 11.55 a.m., 1§10 (Sats.), 1.25, 3.20, 4†30, 5.20, 5†45 (not Sats.), 6.45, 7.45, and 9.55 p.m., London Bridge 9 50 a.m., 12.0 noon, 1.15, 2.0, 4.5. 5.5, 6.39 (not Sats.), 7.0, 7.39 and 9 55 p.m. † To Lewes and Eastbourne only. § Not to Lewes.
LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA ISLE OF WIGHT	Trains leave Victoria 8.55, 10.20, 11.35 a.m., 1.25, 3.53, 4*53, and 7*20 p.m.; London Bridge 10.25, 11.35 a.m., 1.50, 4.0, 4.50 and 7*15 p.m. *Not to Isle of Wight.

On Bank Holiday, August 2, some of the above trains may be suspended or altered in working.

Details of Supt. of Line, L.B. & S.C.R., London Bridge.

An Official Reply to a Parliamentary Question.

Mr. TENNANT: "The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is the only Society recognised and authorised by the Army Council to collect funds for the provision of comforts for horses in veterinary hospitals. The expenditure of money thus collected is under the direction of the War Office. The offers of other Societies have not been accepted."—*Hansard*, p. 1142.

Funds Urgently Needed

to complete the building of a SECOND hospital for **1,000** horses and to supply many other requirements.

All contributions *(crossed Coutts and Co.)* should be forwarded to the Hon. Secretary,

R.S.P.C.A. FUND FOR SICK AND WOUNDED HORSES,

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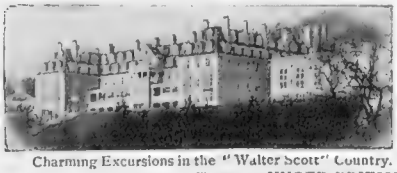

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Delightful Grounds. Tennis. Croquet. Bowls. GOLF: Excellent 18-hole Course near
GARAGE.

Charming Excursions in the "Walter Scott" Country.
Send AT ONCE for Tariff. UNDER BRITISH MANAGEMENT.

Scotland for Ever!

The new Revue at the Apollo Theatre has started off well. Time alone can show whether a skilful pulling of the strings will bring a success to rival that of the now celebrated "Bunty"

Motoring : In Quest of a Car

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Dearth

THE dearth of new British cars grows dearthier. Called upon suddenly to indicate where any could be found I must sit and think, and even then must be caught guessing. In this club of the very dilettante Arts which is in perennially frowsy Manchester, I am assailed by (*a*) a member of the hardware section of the Arts and (*b*) a soft goods expert of the same, and asked where British stocks are being carried. Whereat I am dumb most artistically, for I am several times hanged if I know. I can only believe the Straker-Squire have a few, but am not sure. I know the Straker-Squire has just issued a neat book of owners' opinions, which the sender, one Hely, submits is so extraordinarily in support of the few remarks I have from time to time dropped concerning this middle-power among British cars, that I have felt bound to read it, as you may for the asking.

***

A Glum Future

The Napier, again. I believe Napiers have one or two, but I hope they won't sell them until after the war else how may a poor journalist find peace on the road? One or two other possibles occur; but for the most part there is nowt doing, as they say here, save for the Government. Which is very much as it should be, and, indeed, must be. The only bad business in this connection is in the fact that while the British manufacturer is delivered patriotically bound to the Government, our big neutral and entirely sympathetic (and not much else) neighbour in the West, sails into our ports and annexes what there is of our car market; so that presently the British manufacturer, released from his war ties, must fight like something Satanic to make up lost ground and lost good will.

***

The Crux

It would be easy if these American cars and trucks were not such good value for money. As it is, they are bound to take root, and the British manufacturer is bound to be faced by a problem of magnitude when he tries to uproot them. That is a matter to which some further attention must here be given later, with certain urgent recommendations to the patriotism of the purchaser.

***

Rare Bargains

Meanwhile it is, indeed, difficult to find anything like a fair range of selection of new cars; and even the second-hand car of high quality is scarce. One hears of almost new prices being paid for first-rate second-hand vehicles, but there are still a number available. Two were offered me this week, one a magnificent Sheffield-Simplex saloon in new condition with a fine equipment and very little used. Another was a great rotary-valved 35 h.p. Itala. On either of them there was a clear saving by comparison with new car prices, of several hundred pounds; and if they had been within my own means, I would have bought either one of them like a shot. Yes, here and there you may find your new cars; and here and there your good second-hands; but they are comparatively rare, and will be rarer yet.

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We will send post free to ANY address a flask of these delicious and sustaining Food Tablets and a neat vest pocket case on receipt of 1/6.

If on active service give regimental number, rank, name, squadron or company, battalion, battery, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department. State if with British Expeditionary Force or Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. If not with either, state name of place where unit is stationed. In the case of a sailor give name of his ship.

Of all Chemists and Stores, in convenient pocket flasks, **1/-** each. Larger sizes, **1/6, 2/6** and **11/-**

Liberal Sample Bottle sent post free for 3d. in stamps. **HORLICK'S MALTED MILK Co., SLOUGH, BUCKS.**

Arrol-Johnston

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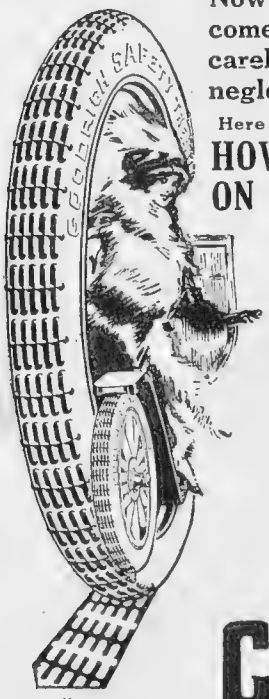
MOTORING ECONOMY.



Now that thrift has become a national service, careless expenditure is neglect of duty.

Here are a few simple rules on—

HOW TO SAVE 50% ON THE TYRE BILL.

1. Drive carefully — pick your track — put in your clutch cleverly, be a little easier with the brakes and a trifle slower round the corners.
2. Examine your tyres after the day's run, and—*fill up the cuts* —("*Stayput*" *is said to be the best stuff for this, but if you know of anything better—use it*). Unfilled cuts are open doors to trouble.
3. Inflate well and test frequently — don't overload — use speed wisely, let it be your servant, not your master.
4. DRIVE SAFELY. Ensure safety by using tyres that reduce skidding to negligible proportions; that is to say use

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The Bystander, July 28, 1915

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No. 608.—Vol. XLVII. Wednesday, July 28, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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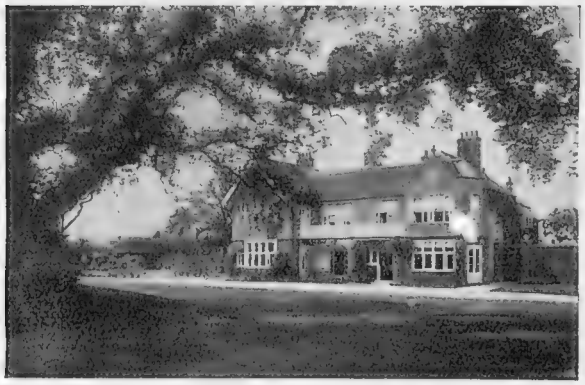

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With a view to keeping our workers employed during the Holiday Season, we shall make up a large number of Blouses similar in character to the one sketched, and offer them for sale at quite exceptional prices. Needless to say, the quality of the materials used and the workmanship and finish will be quite up to our well-known standard of excellence.

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An exact copy of a "Doucet" Model, in rich, bright Crêpe de Chine, in new hydrangea and light pastel colourings. Also in black and white, finished with goffered frill of clear white lawn. Stocked in mauve, sky, pink, champagne, lemon, French grey, hydrangea pink, and hydrangea blue.

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HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY has purchased the original.

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THIRTEEN BISHOPS have written in its praise.

CARDINAL BOURNE has kindly written a special letter of commendation.

COMMANDING OFFICERS have written of its wonderful recruiting power.

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No picture of modern times has so stirred the imagination and aroused the conscience of the Empire as Mr. James Clark's great Academy work with the above title.

The first editions have been exhausted, and to meet the new demand a fresh issue has been arranged in the following styles.

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Formosa Oolong Teas (Pure and Blended) can be obtained at Ridgways, Ltd.; London; R. Twining and Co., Ltd., London; and Andrew Melrose and Co., Edinburgh, and their branches and agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

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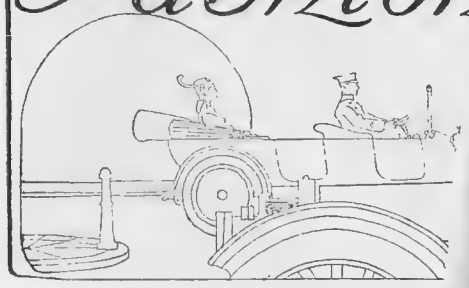

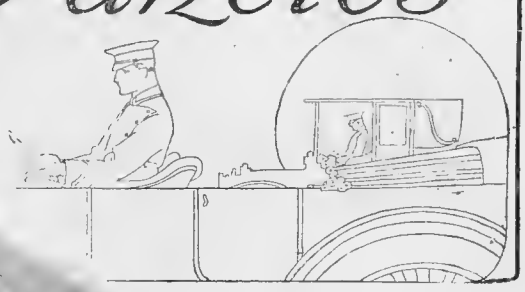

BY MRS. JACK MAY

The Vogue of the Crêpe de Chine Jacket

AS someone remarked the other day, the jersey coat has become a veritable fetish. It is certainly a habit, and one difficult to shake oneself free of. Now that the sales have cleared the atmosphere, one's taste revolts against any unduly elaborate expression such as inconsequent little back bands, medici collars, and the like. But the soft sash, which on occasion amiably conforms to the services of a scarf, will continue, and very justifiably, to find the utmost appreciation.

Although, with social matters in the disintegrated condition they are, it is impossible to speak generally, still intermittent visits to such places as Ranelagh golf course and various tennis clubs, incline me to the belief that the *voyant* yellows have had their day in the jersey coat cause, although I have remarked more than once, and always with pleasurable sensations, a penchant for a rather strong Royal blue.

Naturally, both black and white and a *mélange* of the two are in notable evidence. A particularly desirable possession is a white *crêpe de Chine* sports coat, *crêpe de Chine* having entered into this particular arena with considerable *éclat*. Not to possess this quality of sports coat is, apparently, accounted an invariable omission by the ultra-fastidious. And there is no gainsaying its attractiveness, although quite, quite between ourselves, I rather fail to see its reason. However, anything that brings change and variety, and is also just now obtainable, exacts consideration. And on that count the *crêpe de Chine* sports coat may be safely left.

EVENING DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL

Of sapphire-blue tulle, specially designed for "The Bystander" by Dorothy Millar and described on this page by Mrs. Jack May

Do We Dress for Dinner?

Opinions appear to be extraordinarily divided as to this. A positively shocked look comes over the countenances of some if there is a mention of dressing for dinner under the present conditions. Possibly I am very dense, but I cannot for the life of me see where the difference comes in between changing into a rest or tea-gown and a dinner frock. The two former have their points certainly—myself, I love a tea-gown in its proper place—but why sweep away a convention that in England, at least, dates back considerably further than the beginning of the period regarded—and perhaps rightly—as decadent? What harm is there, for example, if a young girl indulge in such a quiet, albeit *modish*, little evening frock as the one designed by Mrs. Dorothy Millar?

This exactly shows the trend of the moment that under happier auspices would have been in large and attractive evidence ere this. The chief component part is sapphire-blue *tulle*—an evening *nuance* we have the sanction of Paris to adopt. Both skirts are gathered, while the upper is cut up into deep points, and so suggests a pretty petal effect, each point caught with a hand-made rose in old colouring. For the corselet corsage there is used a satin slightly deeper in tone than the *tulle*, the latter again forming enchanting draperies over the shoulders and developing into short draped sleeves. A cluster of hand-made roses in the same old-world colouring is pinned at the one side, another cluster falling on the skirt as though carelessly dropped. And both shoes and stockings are blue toned to the *tulle*.

(Continued on page viii)

Cyclax Preparations for Summer Skin Troubles

It is an accepted fact with experts that nothing is more trying to the best of skins than constant changes of temperature. And the present season would seem to be a sad offender in this way, one day hot and the next windy and cold. For this trouble there is nothing more immediately efficacious than the Cyclax Blended Lotion. This has proved itself beyond all manner of doubt, and is being loudly proclaimed by all who have had recourse to it as the veriest boon and blessing. This Blended Lotion actually prevents sunburn, and if not used in time then there is the Sunbeam Lotion to fall back upon.

It is a fact, too, that many women worn out with fatigue, worry, and strain are positively visiting Mrs. Hemming at the Cyclax *salons*, 58, South Molton Street, and taking her most excellent treatment as a rest-cure. Entering the *salon* relaxed in every limb, a treatment sends one out completely revived. Nerves are calmed at the same time as the skin is rendered smooth and velvety to the touch; eyes shine bright, and the day's work, whatever it is, taken up again with serenity and courage. For those unable to place themselves directly under Mrs. Hemming, there is always the alternative of reading-up and adhering to the rules laid down in her book, "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty."

The Cyclax Complexion Cachets, already referred to in these columns, are fulfilling all that is promised in their name. And just a final word to dispel a belief prevailing in some quarters that the Cyclax Remedies are beyond the possibilities of the average purse. Both the lotions referred to above can be had from 4*s*. 6*d*. the bottle.

Burberry's New Book for Men

This book, though disguised in the modest livery of a trade catalogue, is, in fact, an encyclopædia of sporting equipment, and nothing can more cogently indicate the out-of-doors propensities of our race than the fact that Messrs. Burberry find it expedient to present such a worthy production to lovers of open-air life as an ordinary measure of publicity. "Burberry for Men" is a book which we can heartily commend for its interest and value to all sportsmen, whether they be the firm's customers or not. Messrs. Burberry's charges are clearly stated in the catalogue without the slightest attempt to disguise the fact that in order to obtain the best of anything it is necessary to pay more than for the worst, though many people with conservative instincts prefer to reverse this dictum, and suffer proportionately both in health, comfort, and pocket. A postcard to Burberry's, Haymarket, London, S.W., or to any of their appointed agents will ensure the book being sent to an applicant, post free.

For the Amateur Photographer

In the photographic *salon* which Messrs. Peter Jones, Ltd., of Sloane Square, have recently added to their establishment everything for the amateur photographer, from the camera *de luxe* down to the smallest accessory, can be obtained. Nor need the novice when entering the premises have any fear that his lack of technical knowledge may possibly lead him to waste his money on something he does not want or cannot handle properly; for the firm's expert staff are always on hand to give advice, instruction, and explanations of any sort, and visitors are not in any way pressed to buy.

"AT HOME" TO THE WOUNDED

A group taken at an entertainment given by Mrs. George du Cros in her beautiful grounds at Frognal Lodge, Hampstead, to one hundred wounded soldiers, including Australians, from various London hospitals. Among those who assisted were Lady Robinson, wife of the Agent-General for Queensland, Lady Moore, and Lady Dalton. Mrs. du Cros, who is seen seated in the centre with her four children, is the wife of Captain George du Cros, who has recently been mentioned in despatches for his work in connection with the ambulance car presented by his brother, Colonel Arthur du Cros, M.P.

Electricity in the Home

Householders are advised to procure a copy of No. 2 of the attractive little magazine now being issued under the title of "Ediswan Electric Service," by the Edison and Swan United Electric Light Company, Ltd. It will remind them not only of the excellence and durability of the Ediswan electric lamp, but also of the many uses besides lighting, such as ventilation (by means of the Ediswan fan), heating, carpet sweeping, cooking and making tea, to which electricity can be put in the home. During the year 1914 two spacious new showrooms were opened by the company in London, one at 123-125, Queen Victoria Street, City, and the other at 71, Victoria Street, West, where the various Ediswan appliances can actually be seen in operation, and a visit to either of them is well worth paying, even if the visitor has no immediate intention of buying anything.

Sunny Worthing

Since a visit from Princess Amelia drew particular attention to the healthful properties of the place, this pleasant Sussex watering-place has rarely had

(*Continued on page x*)

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Any article may be had separately, and, if desired, can remain stored free, and payment made when delivery required, or will be packed free and delivered or shipped to any part of the world.

122 COMPLETE BEDROOMS,

Including several fine Old English gentlemen's wardrobes, fitted sliding trays and drawers, from **£3 15s.**; several fine bow-front and other chests of drawers from **37s. 6d.**; old Queen Anne and other tallboy chests, from **6gs.**; well-made solid oak bedroom suites, complete, **£3 17s. 6d.**; solid oak bedsteads to match, complete, **16s. 6d.**; handsome china toilet services, from **3s. 6d.**; large bedroom and other carpets, from **7s. 6d.**; well-made solid walnut bedroom suites, complete, at **5gs.**; massive black and brass-mounted bedsteads, full-size, complete with spring mattresses, at **25s.**; very handsome design white enamel bedroom suites, at **£5 17s. 6d.**; four well-made large solid oak bedroom suites, at **£6 15s.**; four very artistic Sheraton-design inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, at **£7 15s.**; three artistic large bedroom suites, at **£9 17s. 6d.**; six very choice inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, **13gs.**; elaborate all-brass Sheraton-style bedsteads, with superior spring mattresses, complete, **45s.**; choice Chippendale-design bedroom suites, **12gs.**; Chippendale-design bedsteads to match; Queen Anne-design solid mahogany bedroom suites, **£14 14s.**; all-brass square tube full-size bedsteads, with superior spring mattress, at **£3 17s. 6d.**; other bedroom suites in real silver ash and very choicely painted satinwood; also French bedroom suites in gilt and cream lacquer, up to **175gs.**

DINING AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

Fine tone upright piano, **£7 15s.**; a magnificent instrument by George Brinsmead, **14gs.**; and an exceptionally fine small grand piano, **£25**, equal to new. Several sets of complete old English table glass, from **£4 15s.**; four oak American roll-top desks, at **£3 17s. 6d.** Several fine quality real Indian and Turkey carpets, all sizes, from **£4 17s. 6d.**; real Turkey rugs at **17s. 6d.**; elegant Queen Anne-design sideboard, fitted drawers, cupboards, etc., **£7 15s.**; set of eight Queen Anne-design dining-room chairs, comprising two large carving chairs and six smaller ditto, **£8 15s.**; oval extending Queen Anne-design dining-table, **£4 10s.**; Queen Anne-design mantel-mirror to match, **42s**; eighteen luxurious Chesterfield settees, **£2 15s.**; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match, at **£1 10s.**; magnificently carved grandfather clocks; finely made mahogany inlaid sideboard of Sheraton design with rail back, **£6 15s.**; mahogany inlaid overmantel, **30s.**; extending dining-table of Sheraton design, **£3 17s. 6d.**; twelve very fine small chairs, Sheraton-design mahogany inlaid, at **18s. 6d.**; two armchairs to match, at **30s.**; also a quantity of very finely carved brown oak furniture, equally low prices.

Magnificent Full-size BILLIARD TABLE by Stevenson, **£45**; smaller size Billiard Dining Table by Burgess, **15gs.**

DRAWING-ROOMS.

The very elegant Drawing-room Furniture in styles of Louis XIV. and Louis Seize comprising carved and gilt settees, cabinets, tables, mirrors, etc., white enamelled and richly carved furniture, also painted satinwood, and marqueterie inlaid. The following will suffice to give an idea of the absurdly low prices to be accepted:

Elaborately carved and gilt Louis Seize design Suite of seven pieces, including settee, **12gs.** complete; the satinwood decorated china cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, **£14 14s.**; satinwood decorated centre table, **£2 10s.**; satinwood decorated overmantel, **£3 10s.**; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered with choice brocade Gobelin blue silk, **£16 16s.**

Also BED and TABLE LINEN, carpets of all makes and sizes, quite unsoiled. SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE, etc., etc.

A Magnificent 20 H.P. MINERVA MOTOR CAR, with saloon Limousine Body, as new.

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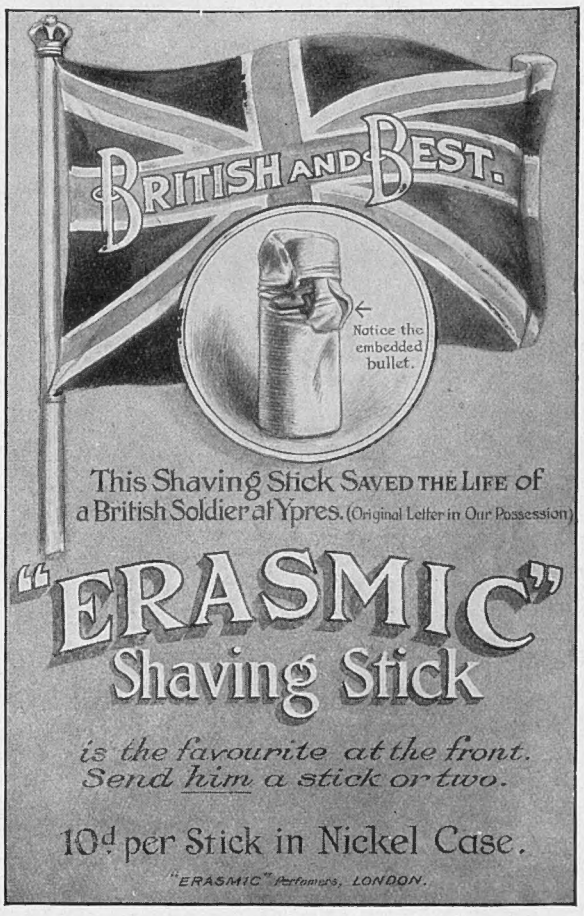

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"good digestion to wait on appetite, and health on both," eat less meat and more St. Ivel Lactic Cheese.

No Advance in Price.

A GRACEFUL FIGURE AND A PRETTY CHIN.

Have you a Double Chin, Large Waist, Large Bust, Large Abdomen, or that Ugly Flesh hanging over your Corset at the back, which adds years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., or call, when she will give you all particulars of her treatment, which she guarantees will remove all Superfluous Flesh, leaving the skin smooth and free from wrinkles or any other blemishes. No dieting nor exercises necessary.

MEDICALLY APPROVED.

Wrinkles, Crow's Feet, and that ugly droop at the corners of the mouth can be cured by her method.

NOTICE.—**Madame Elvira is arranging to give three of her special Complexion and Wrinkle treatments Free of Charge to any lady undergoing her treatment for superfluous flesh, or the removal of a double chin.**

Madame ELVIRA, SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE,
4a, LOWER BELGRAVE STREET, VICTORIA, S.W.
Telephone: 6017 Victoria.

(*Continued from page* viii)

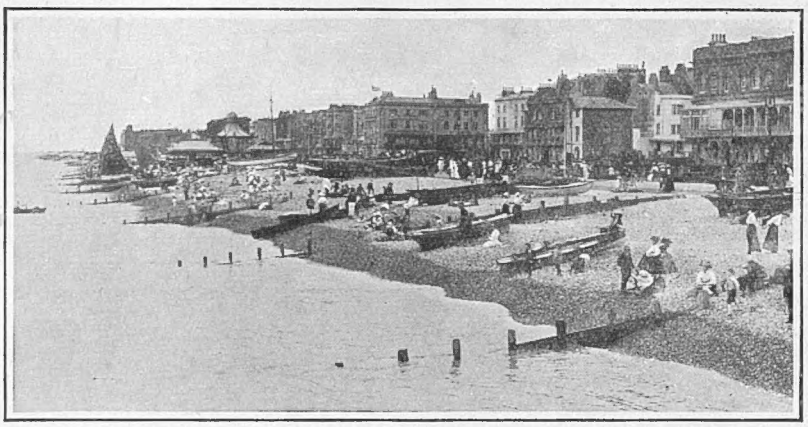
reason to complain of lack of patrons. Its parade is one of the sunniest on the South Coast, and the bathing and boating and fishing are alike excellent. In the comfortable little theatre a number of quite unusual attractions are provided. Unlike its near neighbours, the town can boast a great number of trees, its streets being delightfully shaded with an abundance of foliage. Promenade concerts are given in the delightfully illuminated Steyne Gardens; cricket, tennis, and bowls can be enjoyed in the Victoria Recreation Ground, and temporary members are admitted to the golf club at a nominal payment. Worthing has the good fortune to be placed in a district of considerable charm, and a number of interesting excursions may be made. Motor-cars run to Pulborough through some of the most charming scenery in the country, and the villages of Tarring, Broadwater, Sompting, and Goring are within the four-mile radius. The service of trains to Worthing (London, Brighton and South Coast Railway) is excellent, and you can get there and back for less than a sovereign travelling first, and less than 10*s.* travelling third-class.

THE "DECCA" DULCEPHONE

A description of which is given on this page

Music at the Front

A word or two of advice to those who think of sending a gramophone to their soldier friends. Send a "Decca." It is the most compact and portable gramophone made, and in spite of its small size (it weighs only 13 lbs., and when closed looks like a handbag) one of the most powerful in tone. Its musical quality equals that of the most expensive cabinet gramophones, the "Decca" rendering of any record being sweet, clear, and loud. Another point about the "Decca" is its simplicity. Directly it is opened it is ready to play, and when shut it needs no cover. There are three styles—at £2 10*s.*, £3 10*s.*, and £5 15*s.*, and these models can be seen and purchased at Harrods, Ltd., the Army and Navy Stores, the leading stores, and music dealers everywhere. An illustrated folder showing the three styles and giving full particulars, with name of nearest agent, may be had by sending a postcard to the Dulcephone Company, Worship Street, London, E.C. It should be mentioned that the "Decca" will play any size and make of needle record.



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What is good for me is good for Dolly too.

HOW often the child's habits are fashioned on those of the mother. It is good to encourage the child in the little attentions to the toilet which help to keep the complexion perfect.

Happy is the mother who knows the value of ROYAL VINOLIA CREAM. It keeps the skin cool, healthy, clear, and free from irritation. It is very gentle and safe in action. It preserves that smoothness, softness and charm of complexion which the child possesses. ROYAL VINOLIA CREAM contains wonderful soothing and healing properties and is unequalled for redness, roughness, eczema, abrasions and all skin troubles.

***ROYAL VINOLIA CREAM SOAP** is made of the choicest materials and, in addition, contains all the active ingredients of the Cream. It is specially soothing for tender and delicate skins and the most delightful soap to use for the Nursery Toilet.*

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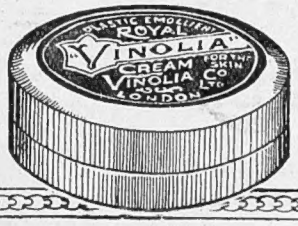

ROYAL VINOLIA CREAM SOAP
1/- per Box of 3 Tablets.
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The Menu: Lobsters and Crabs

LOBSTERS and crabs are now at their best and very plentiful, and there are so many ways of serving them that they are a tasty addition to any meal. The recipes below are worth a trial.

Fricassée of Lobster
Lobster Mayonnaise
Cream of Lobster
Crab au Gratin
Dressed Crab
Buttered Crab

Fricassée of Lobster

Pick all the flesh from two medium-sized lobsters, and mince it. Melt 2 oz of butter in a saucepan, and stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Allow this to cook thoroughly, but not to colour. Then moisten by degrees with three-quarters of a pint of milk, and season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg. When well mixed, add the lobster, and let it all simmer for ten minutes, stirring it well. Then add a good squeeze of lemon-juice, and if at hand two tablespoonfuls of cream. The latter, of course, makes the sauce much richer, but is not really necessary. Heat it all up, but do not let it boil. Serve at once with brown bread and butter.

Lobster Mayonnaise

Place a bed of lettuce in an entrée dish, and on it the meat of the lobster. Cover with mayonnaise sauce. Then arrange a border of sliced tomato, hard-boiled egg, and shred lettuce round, and decorate the centre of the mayonnaise with sieved yolk of egg.

Cream of Lobster

Melt 1 oz. of butter, stir in 1 oz. of flour, add a quarter of a pint of milk, and stir till it boils, then add pepper, salt, cayenne, half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, the same of lemon-juice, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and 2 oz. of lobster which has been minced and rubbed through a sieve. When this is well blended, stir in the whites of the eggs, which have been beaten to a stiff froth. Butter some casserole cups, fill three parts full of the mixture, and steam for twenty minutes; then turn out and serve with shrimp or cheese sauce poured round.

Crab au Gratin

Remove the meat from a boiled crab, pound it well, and add to it a slight flavouring of pepper and nutmeg, one tablespoonful of salad oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, 2 oz. of breadcrumbs, and 1½ oz. of butter, mix all well together, and put the mixture in the shell of the crab. Cover the top with breadcrumbs, place a few pieces of butter on them, and put the shell in the oven to get hot through, and the crumbs browned. Serve garnished with parsley.

Dressed Crab

Pick all the meat out from the shell, divide it into small pieces, and mix it all up with salad dressing, season with salt and a pinch of cayenne, and having nicely cleaned out the shell, fill the sides with the white flesh, and the centre with the soft part, or cream, as it is called. Place on a dish, and surround with cress and garnish with the claws.

Buttered Crab

Slice into small pieces the flesh of a crab, put it into a saucepan with about 1 oz. of butter, and heat it slowly, then pour over and thoroughly mix with it from one to two teaspoonfuls of vinegar and a seasoning of cayenne. Grate in a little nutmeg, and when it is hot through, serve it immediately either in the shell of the crab or in scallop shells, and serve it plain, or, if preferred, with bread-crumbs over.

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ASHORE OR AFLOAT THERE IS
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Sold in 3 Strengths: MILD, MEDIUM & FULL 5D. per oz. 10D. per 2 oz. 1/8D. per ¼ lb.

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the taste of Real Cream until you have tried Milkmaid Cream. Ordinary cream in jars or little jugs is adulterated with a chemical preservative, and should be avoided. Milkmaid Cream is *all* cream—pure, rich and thick, not a particle of preservative. It reaches you free from every impurity, as fresh as when taken from the new milk. Delicious with all kinds of fresh, tinned or stewed fruit, etc.

Of all Grocers in 5d., 6½d. and 10½d. key-opening tins. Write for "ALL ABOUT CREAM," an interesting booklet containing upwards of 70 Recipes, free on application.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES or 'just as goods,' whether in tins or jars, they will only cause disappointment. Insist on Milkmaid Cream, and if any difficulty in procuring send a postcard to 'MILKMAID BRAND' (C.L. Depot), 6-8, Eastcheap, LONDON, E.C.